



The Quill



Brampton High School
Spring, 1929



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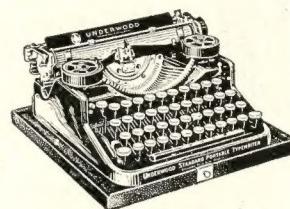
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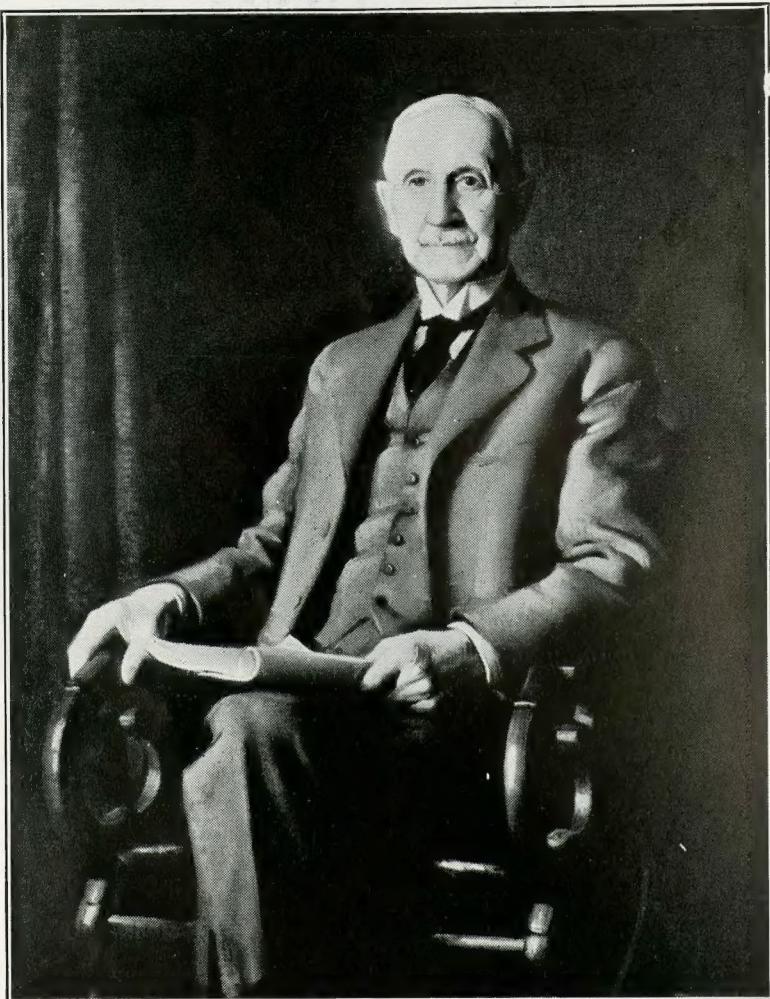
Brampton

The Quill

TABLE OF CONTENTS

DEDICATION	5
FOREWORD	7
B. H. S. BOARD AND STAFF	8
EDITORIALS	9
LITERARY SECTION	12
"I Have You Jim"	16
"Sunny Jack"	16
Poetry	19
SPORTS	
"A Tradition of B.H.S."	20
ALUMNI	31
"Once More, Oh Spring"	31
"The Early Days of B.H.S."	31
News of Our Grads	32
FORM NEWS	35
SCHOOL NOTES	47
A BAMBASTIC OPUSCULE	48
COMMERCIAL LIFE	49
JOKES	50
AUTOGRAPHS	60





(Reproduced from Oil Painting Presented to Mr. Fenton by B. H. S. Ex-pupils)

MR. W. J. FENTON

Principal of Brampton High School
1892-1927

To whom this, our first edition of THE QUILL,
is affectionately dedicated

Dedication

THE writer recently learned with a great deal of pleasure that the pupils of Brampton High School were preparing a Year Book which would contain a review of the Year's activities at the School, and, by reason of this being the first Year Book to be issued at the School, some special features that will be of interest to all Ex-pupils and teachers. The Year Book will contain a record of those receiving diplomas, a review of the literary activities of the school and a portion will be devoted to athletics and those who excelled therein.

During the period that the writer attended Brampton High School we indulged in various activities as well as our studies, but so far as I know there was no record kept and when any of us gather together to reminisce about the old days we have to rely entirely on our memory to recall various interesting events and those who participated in them. The pupils of to-day in future years will be much more happily situated as they will from this time on have a Year Book to which they may refer, and years after they leave School will find a great deal of pleasure and interest in reading its pages.

Inasmuch as this is the first Year Book to be published by the School, it has been suggested, and most appropriately so, that this Book should be dedicated to Mr. W. J. Fenton. Nothing more fitting or deserving could have been done. His name is almost synonymous with that of Brampton High School. Mr. Fenton's first association with the School was that of pupil. After graduation in the honour course in Classics at Toronto University in 1889, he attended Owen Sound Training Institute. From there he went to Port Elgin to teach for six months, followed by a year at Ridgetown, and then in 1891 came back to the School where he had been a pupil to commence upon what was destined to be his life's work. Mr. Fenton was on the Staff as teacher for one year, and the following year was made Principal, a position which he retained until his retirement in 1927. When he first entered the old School as teacher, conditions were much different from when he laid down his mantle. The School building at that time was situated at the extreme Northeast end of the grounds, heated by stoves, no such thing as a gymnasium or assembly hall, but for the period in which it was constructed a fine school. One of the great sorrows of Mr. Fenton's life was to see this building fall a prey to flames some years back. Out of the ruins, however, grew a larger and better school, much more adequately suited to the growing educational demands and needs of the community. The whole school in every detail was planned by Mr. Fenton himself, and will ever be a monument to his ability, his grasp of what was required, and his keen desire that Brampton High School should be a place where boys and girls of this community could equip them-

selves under the best possible conditions to shoulder the responsibilities and duties of citizenship which would later devolve upon them. Under Mr. Fenton's regime as Principal, Brampton High School became justly famed as one of the outstanding institutions of its kind in the Province, and Mr. Fenton himself became known as one of the leading educationalists of the Province.

Under his tuition girls and boys have been trained for the study of the various professions, and for many other useful avocations. They were taught not only to learn those things which would enable them to pass examinations, but were taught by precept and example that integrity, fixity of purpose, and lofty ideals were essential to outstanding success. It would be idle to attempt to enumerate the names of Ex-pupils of Brampton High School who have played a prominent part in the public life of Canada, but suffice to say that no High School of its size in Canada has contributed in any greater degree to the development of men and women who have become leaders in all walks of life the country over, and who played a great part in the moulding and development of those high ideals of citizenship which alone can make a country great. The Ex-pupils of Brampton High School have had placed in the School an oil portrait of Mr. Fenton to show the esteem in which he is held by them. While this portrait will ever be a reminder to generations yet unborn of the great part that he has taken, he will be remembered most for those human qualities of honesty, courtesy, sympathy, fortitude, and Christian grace which made an indelible impression on all those with whom he came in contact.

It is most fitting then that this first Year Book of Brampton High School should be dedicated to one whose life has been so unselfishly devoted to the advancement of the girls and boys of this community, and who has been such a splendid example and advisor to so many of us.

Yours sincerely,
A. G. DAVIS



OUR PRINCIPAL



T. W. MARTIN

Foreword

AS a year is drawing to its close, we are wont to review the year's activities, its accomplishments and its failures, and to plan greater and nobler things for the future. Though progress is impossible to those who spend all their time dreaming of a glorious past yet the primal instinct to preserve a record of "the days beyond recall" still exerts an influence over students, studying to master the ideas and ideals of the thinkers of the past.

It gives me pleasure to write a short introduction to our first Year Book. I trust that it will not fail to uphold the glorious traditions of Brampton High School. May it prove a chain to bind staff and students together in a common interest. Possessing a common pride in our school it is but natural that we should hope and plan for greater scholastic and athletic achievements in the years to come. This is an age when education is essential in all walks of life, so let us spare no effort to make Brampton High the best school in the province.

T. W. MARTIN

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MISS E. M. BOYLE,	Mathematics
MISS C. L. CORNETTE,	English, Physical Culture
MISS E. M. KIRKWOOD,	Art
MISS E. J. COWAN,	Classics
MISS J. E. MCCULLOUGH,	English and History
MISS A. B. FLUMERFELT,	Commercial
R. E. PATERSON,	Science
MRS. K. BURT,	History

OUR GENIAL JANITOR

F. MARSDEN

THE QUILL STAFF

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ASSISTANT EDITOR—Janet McClure
LITERARY EDITOR—Katharine Emery
SPORT EDITORS—Eleanor Young, Harry Dale
HUMOR EDITORS—Mary Algie, Gordon McMichael
ALUMNI EDITOR—Christine McKillop
SCHOOL NOTES—Thyra Young
ADVERTISING MANAGER—Charles Thomson
BUSINESS MANAGER—Russell Noble
ADVISERS—Miss McCullough, Miss Boyle
REPORTERS—Jack McMillan, Gladys McMurchy, Lillian Bull, Emerson Bullock, Jennie Gumuly, Frank Taylor, Mary Young, Helen Partridge.

Editorial

THE BRAMPTON QUILL

WITH this issue the Brampton Quill makes its initial bow to the public. It is with some trepidation that we send forth this small paper on its journey, for never before to our knowledge has a school magazine been compiled and edited by the pupils of Brampton High School. After much heated discussion regarding the pros and cons of a school paper, it has been decided that the time is ripe to venture forth into the uncharted seas of publicity and disclose the hidden talent that lies buried behind the walls of the old school.

We are very anxious that this, our first edition, should be a literary and yes,—financial success, for we, the editors, do wish to provide impetus for our successors. Our motto is "Aim high but wisely" for, as Browning has shown, real success lies only in high endeavour. Our aims may be above our achievements, but we feel that the ardour of the achievement has been worth while.

Our thanks are due to those whose contributions started our paper on its way, and also to our teachers who laboured long and untiringly, giving us the very best of advice, nor do we forget those whose advertisements have made the paper a financial possibility. And even though the paper may deal with "an infinite deal of nothing," we humbly ask a lenient public to view wth a kindly eye our first edition of the Brampton Quill.

SCHOOL SPIRIT

A school is a kingdom in miniature with most of a kingdom's problems. And in school, as in a state, the thing that counts most, for or against its welfare, is the spirit of its students. A good school spirit brings rooters to the matches, players to the games, entries to the contests, attention to the classes, and ideas to the paper. A bad one produces slackers—lots of them.

Two things are necessary for a good school spirit. One is loyalty to the school, its traditions, its staff, and its students. The other is that everyone put his or her best into whatever is in hand.

These two ideas combine to form school spirit, and by use of this we achieve harmony in school life. In class and study, at home, on Sports Day and at the meetings of the Literary Society, nothing can be accomplished if everyone is pulling a different way. And sometimes it takes every scrap of loyalty and courage we can command to stick at a lesson we hate, or to keep on fighting when the game is lost.

At school we cultivate our brains and acquire useful knowledge, but, more than that, it is at school that we learn to work and play. No one can have his own way all the time, and it's just as well to learn it while you're young. Let us treasure our school spirit. Let us, whether winning or losing, get the best out of every experience and thus learn to "play the game."

OUR SCHOOL

We are justly proud of our high school as it compares favourably with other up-to-date high schools in our province. During the past few years, the building of a fine new annex has greatly added to the general appearance as well as to its development in certain educational lines. The upper story of this addition is given up entirely to a large assembly room with ample seating capacity. It is the ideal thing for school meetings and social functions of the year. The new gymnasium, bright and well ventilated, contains equipment for physical culture, and is an improvement on the older one, particularly for playing such games as basketball and badminton. Not only have the pupils been the ones to benefit with the new addition but the teachers now have three comfortably furnished rooms, one for the principal and the other two for the members of the staff.

The commercial room, and the typing room fitted with over a dozen typewriters, which are also in the new wing, furnish necessary training for those students wishing to acquire a business education.

Satisfied as we are, we would suggest some innovations for Brampton High School. We feel that our school is incomplete without a reference library of its own. As it stands, pupils have to go to the Brampton Library and to their homes, to obtain good reading and extra information. We would suggest that the two vacant rooms downstairs be united, furnished and filled with at least eight hundred useful and interesting volumes. If this library were to be fitted up with comfortable chairs, a fire-place and good lighting, and were open at all times to the pupils, it would certainly be of great benefit to the school as a whole.

Another really necessary thing in our modern times is the providing of a lunch room or cafeteria for those pupils attending the school from the rural parts and obliged to eat a cold meal. How much better for their health it would be if there were conveniences to provide at least one warm dish of nourishing food for their noon-day meal.

Progress means a march forward, and improvements, such as these, would be welcomed by our school.

OUR COMMERCIAL COURSE

This year has seen a most important development in the B. H. S.—the introduction of a Commercial Form. Students who wish to prepare for the business world may obtain their training without leaving the school, which, in a short time, becomes dear to them.

This year the B. H. S. will send out efficient, well-trained book-keepers and stenographers, ready to take the responsibility of a position in the business world. Since the trend of modern education is technical rather than classical in its nature, the rapid growth of the Commercial Department is assured.

THANK YOU!

We wish to express our thanks to the business men of the town and elsewhere. You received our advertising proposition with very good will and enthusiasm and, with your backing, we hope to make this, the first issue, a success.

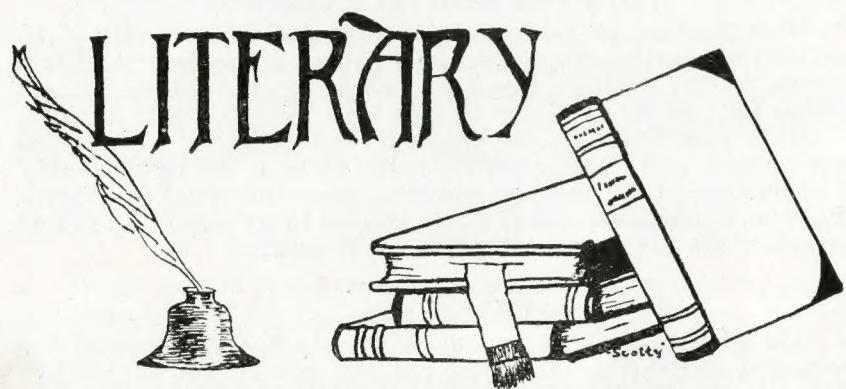
We trust that our book will meet your expectation and we hope that in future years we will be able to count on your support in this respect.



EDITORIAL STAFF

Back Row, left to right: Don Fraser, Russell Noble, Katharine Emery, Harry Dale, Mary Algie, Gordon McMichael, Charles Thomson.

Front Row, left to right: Thyra Young, Janet McClure, Christine McKillop, Eleanor Young.



B. H. S. LITERARY SOCIETY

This year sees the inauguration of a school literary society in Brampton High School. It was inaugurated early in the school year, and a general election throughout the school placed the society under the able direction of the following executive:

President—Christine McKillop.	II. Jennie Gumuly.
Vice-President—Russell Noble.	Frank Taylor.
Secretary—Ethel Bacon.	III. Lily Bull.
Treasurer—Elgie Harris.	Emerson Bullock.
Form Representatives—	IV. Gladys McMurchy.
I. Mary Young.	V. Jack McMillan.
Helen Partridge.	C. Russell Holwell.
Beverly Elison.	

Circumstances permitting, our meetings are held in the Assembly Hall in the afternoon of the second Friday of every month. Each form is responsible for one programme during the year. To date these have proved both profitable and interesting and it is to be hoped that the pupils will continue to derive much benefit from the programmes provided.

"I LOVE YOU, JIM."

The roads were heavy and Mr. Toppler was favouring his horse as much as possible. The reins hung loosely over the dashboard and scraped gently on the rough sides of the thin animal. Mr. Toppler was driving with his customary inattentiveness. But it would be hard to say whether his inattentiveness was customary or otherwise because it was due to his being lost in thought. Mr. Toppler was a stout, kindly, affectionate gentlemen of shifty habits. He had nothing he could call his own. When the keen wind blew sharply down the road it was wrong to say that he drew his thin coat tighter around him, because it wasn't his own. Mr. Toppler's coat was borrowed. So were his boots, his trousers, and

his hat. Mr. Toppler could never quite remember who had worn them last, but that gave him the comfortable feeling that they were really and truly his own. He wore all his borrowed clothes with an ease and jauntiness that did him credit.

When money matters were pressing severely, Mr. Toppler was more kind and affectionate than ever. He had an eye for business then. Mr. Toppler was deep in debt as well as lost in thought that day. He thought he saw a way out of debt or at least he imagined he did. Jogging slowly along he had come to the top of a hill and he drew in his horse to look below him. The wind was blowing a shapeless white cloud across the tops of the trees. The sky was intensely blue. Below, the sun was shining on brown fields and on the sparkling river, moving like a glistening stream of silver through the meadows.

Mr. Toppler had caught sight of a team of horses, and of a boy perched on a rail fence. He urged on his horse. When he was opposite the boy he jumped out stiffly, crossed the ditch and walked over to him. He had called up all his persuasive powers (which were great), and his face was beaming with kindly affection and benevolence. He raised his short arm and placed a plump hand on the boy's shoulder. His affection rose higher and higher. His voice choked with emotion.

"Jim," he said. "You know, Jim, I love you!"

"What do you want now?" the boy replied coolly.

In accordance with all his other mistakes, Mr. Toppler had mistaken his man. The boy on the fence was slim, and dark with keen eyes. He wore no cap and the wind blew his hair. Jim was not a new victim of Mr. Toppler's affection and the outburst had not alarmed him. Mr. Toppler had mistaken Jim's remark and he continued, innocent of any irony on the boy's part.

"You're the only one that ever understands me, Jim."

Jim did not deny it. He saw by Mr. Toppler's beaming face that he had something to tell him and invited him to get up on the fence beside him. Mr. Toppler accepted the invitation and gladly told him the plan he had in his head. It was a scheme for getting out of debt and it concerned chicken-thievery. It was a bold plan for so gentle a man as Mr. Toppler. He had arranged to rob a chicken roost. He would convey the chickens to town some night and sell them to a Jew with whom he had had previous dealings. Mr. Toppler described his future escapade with vividness of language, but to Jim the whole plan seemed impossible. He listened gravely, but by the time Mr. Toppler had finished a smile played around his lips and his eyes sparkled. He complimented Mr. Toppler on the brilliancy of his plan, and he added generously: "Why I'll go along with you. I wouldn't miss the fun for an empire." Mr. Toppler was delighted. He had not expected such good luck. When he thanked Jim, he left, leaving behind him

expressions of love that continued to ring in Jim's ears till Mr. Toppler was out of sight. The boy turned back to his horses. His eyes wandered over the country. He counted five houses—five men. That would be sufficient. The wind blew his hair away from his forehead. The glint of the river was reflected in his eye. He flicked the plough-lines in enjoyment of thought.

Friday night was cold. The stars sparkled in the frosty sky. A new moon was fast sinking in the west. Mr. Toppler and Jim were driving along the road. The wind blew sharply and played weird tricks with the buggy-top. Already Mr. Toppler's enthusiasm was somewhat subdued. Perhaps he realized what a risky thing he was doing. They tied their horse to the orchard fence that was opposite the farm they intended to rob. The very squeaking of the wire fence sent Mr. Toppler stiff with fear. Jim stalked ahead through the orchard with Mr. Toppler following him. They crept slowly and stealthily around to the back of the barn where the chicken house was. It was by no means a modern building. It was long and low, and attached to the barn. There were three doors. Mr. Toppler knew the middle was the right one. (Mr. Toppler had studied the situation.)

Mr. Toppler opened the door and Jim followed him. Jim had carried the sacks into which the chickens were to be put. He had also a flashlight. With its sudden light the chickens awoke making soft, sleepy clucking noise. Mr. Toppler's little eyes grew bigger. He crept forward and with both hands seized by the tail two plump pullets. There was a great cackling and flying of feathers as they struggled away leaving their tails behind them in Mr. Toppler's hand.

"Hush!" whispered Jim, "what's that?"

Slowly Mr. Toppler's hands opened, the feathers fluttered to the floor, his eyes dilated with fear. He listened breathlessly. Jim put his hand on the latch and slipped outside. Mr. Toppler hastened to follow him, but the door wouldn't open. In a panic of fear he ran to the window and looked. It seemed to him dozens of lights sprang up from nowhere. He knew he was caught. He turned around and rung his plump, little hands with fright. In desperation, he scrambled up the chicken roost. The frightened hens flew everywhere. The chicken roost was supported by a slight partition, of which, two boards were torn off. Mr. Toppler didn't know what was on the other side, but he was game enough to see what was. He flung one leg over and swung it to and fro. It hit something solid. Mr. Toppler felt it and knew that it was a beam stretching from one side of the apartment to the other. The chicken-house door opened, and Mr. Toppler slid to the beam just in time. He listened breathlessly. There were surprised exclamations, low whispering, and subdued laughter. Mr. Toppler thought he heard Jim's voice. Soon they went out and Mr. Toppler breathed more freely. He looked below him. Something

white moved. He shivered, but a sleepy grunt brought him relief. He was in the pig apartment. He looked ahead of him. There was an open window. The moon was low in the sky, and the swaying branches of a tree outside the window gave it the appearance of rising and falling. The tree and open window gave Mr. Toppler an idea. Already he saw a road to freedom.

Outside, five men stood beside the chicken-house door. They were laughing and whispering. In their centre stood Jim. He was narrating something to them when a splitting crack and a sickening thud reached their ears. The men seized their lanterns and ran around the building. Jim stayed behind.

There underneath an apple tree, sat Mr. Toppler. In his hand he grasped a branch from the tree above him. His face was purple. He was quickly surrounded. In the dim glimmering of the red moon five men with glowing lanthorns stood above him. Visions of prison-bars and penitentiary danced through his mind. In supplication, he lifted his hands.

"Mercy!" he cried.

In the dim glimmering of the red moon five men with glowing lanthorns stood away from him.

A wind was blowing keenly across the fields. Shapeless, wind-tossed clouds floated above the tree tops. The river glistened and sparkled in the sunshine. A boy was perched on a rail fence. He was a slim dark boy with keen eyes. He wore no cap and the wind blew his hair. His eyes were fixed on the river, but he was conscious of hearing buggy wheels rattling over the roads. He felt someone coming close behind, but he did not turn even when a soft, plump hand was placed on his shoulder.

"Jim," said a sorrowful voice.

"Mr. Toppler," said Jim gravely.

He turned and looked into the troubled face below him and smiled.

"It didn't work, Jim," said Mr. Topper sadly.

"Oh!" said Jim.

"It was tr-tragedy," said Mr. Toppler.

"It was comedy," said Jim.

Mr. Toppler said nothing.

"By the way," said Jim, "you'll be needed down at the store to-night. They want you to work there this winter."

Slowly, hope dawned in Mr. Toppler's face. The hand on the boy's shoulder tightened. There was genuine feeling in his voice.

"Jim," he said, "you know, Jim, I love you, Jim!"

Mr. Toppler left, singing at the top of his voice. The boy listened till the song grew faint. He turned to his patient horses. The wind blew his hair away from his forehead. The glint of the river was reflected in his eyes. He flicked the plough-lines in enjoyment of thought.

A. LAYCOCK, Form IV.

A PICTURESQUE ROADWAY

It was my first day in Glen Haven. As I had nothing more important to do I decided to take a little trip of exploration. This trip resulted in my finding the prettiest spot I have ever seen or hope to see. It was nothing more than a little stretch of roadway where I have gone many times since.

Glen Haven itself is rather an austere town with stone houses built to withstand the wild ocean storms. By contrast, this brought into relief the calm beauty of what I have always called my picturesque roadway.

It was a little way back from the ocean and ran along beside the Glen River. There was a space of fresh green grass between the river and the road which in spring and summer was studded with wild flowers. On the other side of the road was a green pasture where, when I first saw it, sheep were grazing peacefully in the shade of some lofty old elm trees. A stone fence separated the pasture from the yard of a little stone house. The house itself was not an architectural success but the climbing roses and the beds of old-fashioned flowers bordering the stone walk gave it a look of beauty. The road itself at this point was shady. The shade came from the huge old willows which bordered the river. This part of the road was particularly peaceful.

After this, the land began to rise rapidly until on both sides of the road there were steep hills. These hills were rocky, and the majestic pine trees on them seemed to stretch their arms to the heavens. It was very wild and grand and made you almost gasp with the beauty of it.

The sky was blue, and fleecy white clouds floated peacefully along. The wind was slight and the trees scarcely moved. The sun shone down on the river and on the road, making me feel delightfully warm.

I have always regretted that I am not a painter and cannot at least make an attempt at putting the roadway on canvas. However I have tried my best with the aid of my pen to give you an idea of the scene and hope that if you ever visit Glen Haven you will admire my picturesque roadway as I do.

DOROTHY DALE, Form IIA.

"SUNNY JACK"

Hark! There he comes, he and his everlasting mouth-organ, one minute grinding out "Old Black Joe", and the next, happily playing "Golden Slippers." If Sunny Jack ever has occasion to go anywhere after dark, he always takes his "orchestra" with him for then he can't hear any of the numerous ghosts that always seem to follow in his wake.

Since the little fellow has recently joined a certain new troop of Boy Scouts, his mornings, noons and nights have been fully

occupied with ropes, rules and knots. His new bronze scout pin and his very own scout certificate are zealously guarded treasures which other members of the family are told to leave absolutely alone.

One thing he hates with a deadly hatred is to attend a small knowledge factory, N—— Public School. All the tricks with which bad Thomas Sawyer filled his days are added to his store with 100% interest. A stomach ache, a kink in his knee, his hip, his back, a stiff neck, a sore tooth and no lessons done are but a few of his means of escape. But his mother seems to get a bit wiser every day and so packs him off to school. Invariably he comes home whistling.

One more hateful job of his is to get in enough wood in the morning to last his mother all day. The ready cheerfulness with which such chores as feeding the pigs and watering the horses are done, somewhat disappears as the time for this small chore comes nigh. Just the same, though, the wood comes in and after that Sunny Jack's smile returns with twice its usual brightness as if to make up for lost time.

Sunny Jack dearly loves a piece of pie, a love which he inherits from his dad. As soon as meal-time approaches and his sensitive nose tells him that there is a particularly appetizing one in the making, he begins to use his wits. No human being is made of clockwork, but Sunny Jack's anatomy is a close kinsman of that article. He relates something about someone that makes the rest of us laugh and in the meantime he gets an extra piece of pie.

An occupation that he delights in, is to ride horse-back. Once we had a very quiet, but skinny, black horse. A mile or so of riding on her, gained him a holiday. He couldn't sit down! Since then he has always chosen Nelly, a nice do-as-you-like-with-me horse.

My little friend likes all animals, pigs and colts, fishes and crabs, snakes and birds. A kitten in bed with him, when he is sick, appears to do more than medicine as far as easing any pain is concerned. Sometimes he thinks that he would like to work in the zoo, at other times, he cannot make up his mind whether to be a farmer, a policeman, an engineer or a jockey.

And now for some more of Sunny Jack. He has quite made up his mind that after this year in the entrance class, B.H.S. won't see him, but his mother and dad have quite made up their minds to the effect that B.H.S. will see him until they think fit for him to leave. And so, perhaps, next year may find him here playing "Way Down Upon the Swannee River," for the benefit of those who have to forgo the pleasure of a hot dinner at the lunch hour.

M. COUPLAND, 2A.

THE NAMING OF THE CREDIT RIVER

To-day Peel County has many excellent highways and good roads. But in early days, when the primeval forest covered the land, the rivers were the main highways into the interior. The Credit River, which in times past was much larger than at present, was one of the chief routes to Georgian Bay. Parkman, the historian, claims that probably La Salle, on his way to the Mississippi, in 1682, came up the Credit River.

The first known settlement on the Credit was where Port Credit now stands. Colonel Ingersoll kept a government post there. His son, the first white child born in Peel County, later founded the town of Ingersoll.

To this trading post the Indians brought their magnificent fur pelts. The Colonel trusted the Indians and often gave them credit. He kept an account of these debts, so that when the Indian returned, perhaps months afterward, he could tell what this particular Indian owed him. We can imagine the curiosity of the stolid braves, the shy Indian women as they stood quietly watching. How could this white man make marks which he understood months later?

The story of the wonder, for it was a wonder to them, spread far and wide. Many Indians came to see this pale-face who could read the strange markings in a book, which they called the Mah-ze-nah-e-gun or "book where debts are credited." They called the river the Mah-ze-nah-e-ga-seba. When the white settler came he translated this into English and called it the Credit River.

Since the days of La Salle how man has changed the country! How many changes must the Credit River have witnessed! Our river furnished a route by which La Salle could reach the Mississippi and as the negroes sing of the Father of Waters, so it can be sung of our Mah-ze-nah-e-ga-seba:—

Ole Man River,
He keeps on rollin',
Keeps on rollin' on;
He must know sumpin',
But he doan say nuffin',
Jus' keeps rollin' on.

—Form I.

A parking ground is greatly to be desired. In the Spring of the year the ground becomes so soft and muddy that the cars have to be parked along the road.

Another improvement has been suggested by one of the regular inmates of the Detention Form. This is to gag the free people who joyously play and shout outside the Prison, pardon, the Detention Form, much to the said inmate's distress.

DREAMS

I did not wish to read or sing,
For I was tired of everything.
I sat by the fire, a book in my lap,
Did nothing more, just sat and sat;
I didn't laugh, I didn't sing,
I didn't do a single thing
But sit and sit and dream and dream
Of fine things that had never been.

My thoughts went sailing off afar
While I sat cozy by the fire;
I wandered to the land of dreams
And saw a hundred pleasant things;
I saw the little fairies pass,
And elves go dancing on the grass,
And yet I didn't move or roam,
I just sat quietly at home.

I had a gay and happy time,
I saw fair castles, rich and fine;
Kings and princes fought well for me
And ships went sailing, swift and free.
I owned a hundred castles strong,
With birds to sing the whole day long.
Such lovely things you too may see
If you'll shut your eyes and dream with me!

JEAN SEGSWORTH, IIIA.

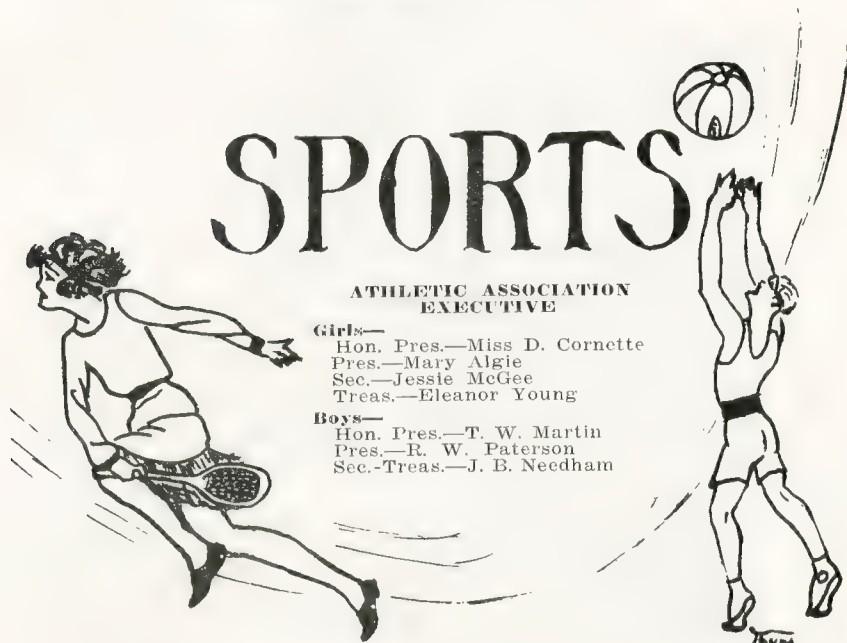
SUNRISES

The hills slept in the dewy freshness,
The dawn-wind came, eerie and chill;
The sun's first rays broke the cloud-bank;
A jay gave its call-note shrill;
By a lake in Muskoka.

A peach tree bloomed by a window;
The East glowed in rose and gold-green;
And a humming-bird sang in the calmness
With the joy of a Heaven unseen;
In an orchard by Erie.

Morn came with a frosty coldness,
The sky was erased with night-cloud;
Street-lights told of man in the darkness;
The sun rose, crimsonly proud,
In a town in a winter.

KATHARINE EMERY, Form IV.



A TRADITION OF THE BRAMPTON HIGH SCHOOL

As the years roll by in the world of sport, there is a decided tendency on the part of the "old boys" of once-famous athletic clubs to emblazon on the walls of memory the athletic deeds and prowess of heroes of a former day for the benefit and advantage of a younger generation, that they of later years may emulate the deeds of former idols.

To exemplify these tendencies we need only recall that famous lacrosse machine that so ably and creditably challenged the world's best in quest of the Mann Cup in the summer of 1914, and which wrote the name of Brampton on the front pages of Canada's lacrosse history. The name of those Excelsior warriors lingers on, and lives in the deeds of the present day exponents of the national game in Brampton, and not a few of our strongest and most colorful performers graduated in their time from the Church St. academy.

We have to-day raised our sports to a high standard and have developed in our boys and girls that immortal spirit of "play the game." Whether it be in school, on the ice, the gridiron, lacrosse field, baseball diamond, basketball floor, or tennis court, the girls and boys of the good old Brampton High School will be found playing the game "for the game's sake." The pupils of this great old institution have been fortunate in having as their leaders such outstanding men as former principal W. J. Fenton and present principal T. W. Martin, both of whom have at all times been noted

for their encouragement of boys and girls in their various lines of athletic endeavour.

Let us not forget at this time the part the boys of the Brampton High School played in the "Big Game" over there. If our boys played the game here nobly, they played it fearlessly, honorably, and bravely over there, to the everlasting honor of the town, the High School, the world of sport and themselves. And they gave their best, as they had on Rosalea, in many years gone by, without selfishness and all without a murmur.

The game of life is replete with "knocks and boosts," and you must be educated to take both with a smile. What boy or girl who learned the spirit of the old Brampton High School is not the better for its teaching and its example?

From the far-famed Brampton High School have sallied forth some of the most brilliant athletes in the various branches of sport, and many are the products of "the old campus" who have flashed in their day like meteors across the horizon of sport, to be the idols and the heroes of those in time to come.

With a sporting history filled with deeds of athletic prowess, and with the names of great athletes written on its walls, is it any idle boast to say that Sport has its place and a large one, too, in the traditions of the good old Brampton High School?



RUGBY TEAM

Back Row, left to right: A. McDonald, inside; H. Clark, inside; Harris Fleury, Capt., middle; H. Ready, middle; B. Needham, sub.

Middle Row: G. McMichael, left half; R. Noble, right back; E. Harris, wing; H. Johnston, full back; R. Campbell, wing; G. Graham, wing; C. Thomson, quarter.

Front Row: R. Holwell, sub.; H. Dale, snap back; R. Bates, sub. (Absent from picture)—H. Barrett, D. Pearson, H. McEachren.

SPORTS DAY

One of the annual events of the school year is Field Day. It was held this year on October 3rd, at the Fair Grounds. As usual, a number of interested spectators were on hand to watch the different events.

The winner of the gold medal for the highest standing in the Senior boys' class was Hawley Johnston. Next in order came Ross Lindsay and Charles Thomson. The winner in the Intermediate events was Gordon McMichael, with John McMillan and Harry Barrett tied for second place. The Junior winner was Curry Wilson, with Bert Standing and James Fleury second and third.

The winner of the girls' Senior events was Jessie McGee. As this was the second year in succession she had won it, Elizabeth Pocock was awarded the medal by reversion. Next in order came Gladys McMurchy and Thyra Young. The Intermediate winner was Autumn Campbell, also winning it for the second time. The medal was awarded to Mary Bull with Edith Garbutt and Mildred Carter second and third, respectively. The Junior girls' championship was won by Mary Porter; Dorothy Hooper and Shirley Lawson being second and third.

The girls' relay race between the different forms was won by Form IV. who hold the pennant for a year.



SPORTS CHAMPS

Standing: G. McMichael, A. Campbell, C. Wilson, M. Bull, H. Johnston.
Seated: M. Porter, J. McGee, E. Pocock.

RUGBY

The rugby team was not as successful this year as in the last few years. This was due to the loss of many of the players who have been playing for several years. Field Day coming at the beginning of the season broke up practice for a time.

The first game at Weston was between two evenly matched teams but Brampton's lack of practice helped the Weston team to win.

The second game was at Scarboro. In this game two of our best players were hurt and the result was another loss.

The following game at Vaughan Road was played on a very muddy field and the game was lost to a heavier and faster team.

In Brampton the next week, the group leaders, Runnymede High School, gave us the best game of the year, although it was lost to them. Brampton threatened time and again, only to be repulsed by the Runnymede line.

In the final game of the schedule Brampton defeated Mimico in a game which was fast and better to watch than many of the others, because the teams were more evenly matched.

The Rugby Team wishes to thank Mr. Jennings for the use of the Rosalea, on which we staged our Rugby games. We are proud to be able to use this field, when teams from other schools visit us.

TENNIS

One of the most enjoyable sports we have at B.H.S. is tennis. Unfortunately this last year interest in it has been allowed to lag. Other years we have had a boys' and a girls' singles tournament and even a doubles tournament.

We have two courts, but they will need some attention before we can play. Can we not, before we break up school this midsummer, hold a singles' tournament? After school reopens in the fall a doubles tournament could be held, as it has been other years.

Some excellent players have been developed in past years at B.H.S., and there are many good players at present attending the school. We want to develop more good players, and who shall say, but that in the future, we may have a representative on Canada's Davis Cup Team!

BADMINTON

This is a sport which is just beginning to be taken up generally. It was introduced into the school last year and began very auspiciously. But this year the enthusiasm has died down. We have our new gym marked for it, and the school owns a net. Perhaps if the school would buy a few racquets for general use more would play, as not many own racquets. In future let us pay more attention to this fast, enjoyable game!

**HOCKEY TEAM**

Standing, left to right: George Graham, left wing; Harris Fleury, right defence; Elgie Harris, sub.; Howard Ready, left defence; Russell Holwell, sub.
Seated: Hawley Johnston, right wing; Don Marshall, goal; Gordon McMichael, centre.
(Absent from picture)—Doug. Pearson, Bill Anthony.

HOCKEY

The Hockey Team of this year suffered the loss of two of its former players in the persons of Robert Johnson and Lochie Algie. However, their places were ably taken by Howard Ready, Elgie Harris and William Anthony.

The Hockey Team this year was in a league formed by North York, East York, Runnymede, Vaughan Road and Weston. Owing to much sickness and lack of ice, Vaughan Road and North York dropped from the league.

B.H.S. 2, East York 2.

The first game played was with East York High School in an open air rink at Woodbine Park. The game ended in a 2 all tie, Graham and McMichael bulging the twine for Brampton's two goals. The boys were not in good condition owing to the lack of ice.

B.H.S. 1, Runnymede 7.

The second game was played at the old Ravina rink, with Runnymede as opponents. The ice was poor and with a decided edge throughout, Runnymede defeated the local team 7-1. McMichael scored the lone goal with a long shot. Runnymede had a fine team.

B.H.S. 2, Weston 1.

The final game was played at home, the opposition being provided by Weston. The first period was marked by individual playing, the only score being made on a rush by Geordie Graham.

Second period was fast and although Weston scored, Brampton had the edge on the play. Both teams played clean hockey.

Third period was very flashy, spectacular rushes being provided on both sides. Although Weston tried hard, Johnson in goal held them out and Elgie Harris beat their goalie for the final tally.

Team: Goal, D. Marshall; Def., H. Fleury, H. Ready; Centre, G. McMichael; Wings, G. Graham, H. Johnson; Subs., H. Howell, W. Anthony, D. Pearson.

INTERFORM HOCKEY

Just as in Basketball the boys of the B.H.S. formed a hockey league, in which five forms entered, with Commercial combining with 2nd. The games were played at the local arena after four when the ice could be obtained.

The first game was played between 1st and 2nd, with 2nd winning by a small margin. The next game was between 5th and 3rd with 3rd winning by two goals. Fourth met 3rd in the last game of the group and got a jolt when 3rd won from them 2-1. In the play-offs between 2nd and 3rd, the game ended by 3rd winning the league 6-0. The honours of 1928 fall to 3rd form.

INTERFORM BASKETBALL

Just as the girls of B.H.S., the boys have an Interform Basketball group. The girls are luckier in one respect—they have a shield to compete for which was donated by Mr. W. J. Fenton; the form which wins it holds it until the next basketball season.

This year there were five teams entered, one from each form with Commercial uniting with second. In the group 1st vs. 2nd and 4th vs. 5th, the winners were 2nd and 5th. The next group, 3rd vs. 5th was won by 3rd with a good lead. This left 2nd and 3rd the two highest teams in the league, who played off, points counting. The first game was won by 3rd, 20-12, but the next by 2nd 14-11. Third won the group with a final score of 31-26. So for this year 3rd form hold the honour although no shield.

We take this opportunity to thank the people who have so willingly supplied the means of transportation to the various basketball, rugby, and hockey games. We also thank the girls (or mothers?) who have provided the eats after the various games.

BASKETBALL

This season has been one of the most successful the school has ever had. For the first time, we played in a league, consisting of Weston, Runnymede, Islington and Brampton.

The first game, played at home, against Weston, resulted in a 60-18 score for Weston.

The second game was played at Islington. This time, we were also defeated, the score being 15-13.

The third game, at home, was with Runnymede. In this game we redeemed ourselves by defeating Runnymede 39-19.

The fourth and last game was played at Mimico. This time we also defeated our opponents, 36-21.

Besides the senior games junior games were held. Much promising material was exhibited at these games.

The inter-form basketball championship was won by the third form team captained by Lillian Mitchell. By winning this championship, they win the right to hold, for one year, the shield which was donated three years ago by Mr. W. J. Fenton.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Standing, left to right: Eleanor Young, forward; Mary Algie, sub.; Jessie McGee, jumping centre; Miss Cornette, coach; Mildred Parker, guard; Elizabeth Pocock, forward; Mary Bull, sub.
Seated: Beatrice Robertson, centre; Lillian Mitchell, guard; Autumn Campbell, sub.

**THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY**

The night of spirits, phantoms and pranks came as usual on the last day of October. Owing to the inconvenience to out-of-town students our party was scheduled for November 1st so that all B.H.S. members could enjoy its annual fun.

The Grand Promenade was called for 7.30 p.m. sharp! At the dot of 7.15, doors began to bang and satiny, crepe-papery rustles began to fill the halls. Sounds of happy voices and muffled whispers from under masks to the "friend who knows," were heard. Everyone entered the hall with its streamers of yellow and orange, having passed that solemn sentry on the stairs with his pumpkin head and broom in hand, with a thrilling feeling of love for school and chums.

The chords were struck on the piano and a stream of veiled, cloaked ladies, clowns, fairies, spectres and one hundred and ninety-nine other costumed folk began to swing into the grand march for judging.

Ex-pupils, members of the Board and Staff did the judging of the year's most glorious array of costumes. "Really," some of the judges were heard to say, "each year it gets harder and harder!" As the spectators looked on at the gorgeous parade they did not know whether they were living in the eleventh century or the twentieth or whether this were a play, staging Julius Caesar or the Merchant of Venice.

Those taking part in the comic parade provided a great deal of amusement, especially Mary Herbert, the impersonator of Barney Google and Spark Plug, who was awarded first prize. "Dutch" Alteman, the School's "favourite" clown, was as amusingly and realistically arrayed as ever in former years.

It took a long time for the judges to come to a decision but finally the first prizes were awarded to Miss Maye Thomas for fancy dress, as a dashing Spanish Senorita and Bert Patterson as a dutiful Page. Second prizes were given to Miss Eleanor Young and James Jarvis.

The programme committee had not been idle and each form had carefully chosen their team for the races. For these, everyone went down to the gymnasiums. The races gave a decided touch of excitement to the evening and especially the "Duck for the Apple" race. Without a doubt it was a rather "wet" race for the teams, but it was highly amusing to the on-lookers. Hats, whistles, candy, horns and other novelties were given to the winning teams.

After the inter-form games all returned to the Assembly Hall, for the stunts and dancing. As the forms came to the platform with their stunts they were all so really good that the audience nearly "raised the roof." Each form's stunt seemed more and more original than the last. Commercial's and IV. form's were the two outstanding ones. A commercial student may say that theirs was more practical and humorous, but IV.'s nearly caused a riot, it was so comical and realistic. They staged a race on the Etobicoke between the famous sculler, Joe Wright, played by Harris Fleury, and B.H.S.'s Pride, by Gordon McMichael.

After the stunts there was a rush as per usual on the laboratories where lunch was served. Everyone was really ready for refreshment and some restful conversation after such merriment.

The party concluded with a dance. At one o'clock the cheers and school yells were given, good-byes were said and the merry-makers all left the school, tired but happy after such a lively night of frolic.

THYRA YOUNG.

THE ORATORICAL CONTEST

Owing to the generosity of one of the patrons of Brampton High School, Mr. Grenville Davis, a boys' oratorical contest was for the second time made possible. In order to give the girls of the school a similar opportunity, the sum of twenty-five dollars was donated by the Dance Committee from the amount cleared at the Alumni Dance and was devoted to this purpose.

The contest was held in the school auditorium on Wednesday, February 20, 1929. There were nine speakers, six girls and three boys. The girls' subject was, "The Peoples of Canada," the boys' topic, "Canada's Immigration Problem." The speakers were Christine McKillop (Com.), Mary Algie (V), Jean Segsworth (III), Mary Henderson (II), Vera Cox (I), Katharine Emery (IV), Albert Patterson, Albert Bolster and Emerson Bullock, all of Form IIIB.

Mr. Fydell, present Public School Inspector, Mr. Galbraith, Ex-Inspector, and Mr. J. A. Carol, were the judges for the event and with some difficulty they selected as winners in the two contests, Katharine Emery (I) and Mary Henderson (2), Albert Patterson (I) and Albert Bolster (2).

During the intervals in which the speeches were valued, musical numbers and recitations were given which made the evening a very enjoyable one for all present.

T.H.Y.

THE ANNUAL DANCE

The Annual School Dance was held in the school auditorium on January 4, 1929. This dance is always, more or less, an annual reunion for all pupils and ex-pupils.

Some four hundred invitations were issued to ex-pupils and the greater part of them came to renew old acquaintanceships.

For this party the decoration and refreshment committees busied themselves to have everything especially fitting for the occasion. As usual these committees derived great enjoyment from preparing for it all. Perhaps the "behind the scenes act" gave extra fun for the committees in charge.

The Assembly Hall was beautifully decorated with lighted Christmas trees, streamers in school colours and futuristic crests on the pillars. A cosy corner was especially designed for the patrons and patronesses.

The Music Committee were fortunate in securing the Harmony Orchestra for the evening. At 8.30 p.m. the dancing began and from the beginning the floor was a moving cluster of dazzling youth, with rainbow shades flitting in and out among the sombre trimness of the boys and men.

Punch awaited those wishing occasional refreshment and was served in the upper hall.

A very dainty supper was temptingly served, buffet fashion, in the Physics Lab. which was decorated with cedar and candles.

Dancing continued after supper until 1.30 a.m. when the school yells, rivalled by some from the U. of T. and other colleges, echoed through the school. The crowd dwindled away declaring that it had been the best dance ever held in the school.

T.H.Y.

THE BRAMPTON HIGH SCHOOL COMMENCEMENT

The pupils of Brampton High School made their annual appearance before the public on the evening of March 7. As in previous years, this notable event was held in the Capitol Theatre, and in spite of the inclemency of the weather a large crowd assembled to witness the Commencement exercises. The orchestra of the theatre and the famed Meddlesome Choir of B.H.S. entertained the audience until the programme began.

To the strains of "O Canada" the evening's entertainment was ushered in. Everybody who could sing, couldn't sing, wanted to sing, hoped to sing, had sung, sang. Mr. Moorehead, Chairman of the School Board, then gave a short address on the progress of the school during the past year under the able guidance of Mr. T. W. Martin, and gave some timely advice to the pupils on the continuance of school studies. Following the Chairman's address, Miss Thelma Richmond, on behalf of the student body, welcomed the visitors of the evening. The High School boys, under the direction of Mr. R. E. Paterson, then gave some indication of

their prowess along the line of physical training in the presentation, "Scitaborca." Those entitled to receive graduation diplomas were next called to the front, and Mr. Moorehead made the presentations. Likewise, he officiated in presenting the medals to the winners of the girls' and the boys' events at the Field Day held last fall. Miss Lillian Mitchell, captain of 3A Basketball Team, received the shield donated by Mr. W. J. Fenton in recognition of the winning of the championship of the Girls' Interform Basketball Teams.

A pleasant change was made in the programme by a Pantomime and dance given by a number of girls. These were attired in costumes that would have graced any court of the Elizabethan era, and they very gracefully went through the various movements of a minuet, doing full justice to Miss Cornette's training.

The winners of the Mary Trimble Scholarship for 1928 were introduced to the audience, namely,—1, Kenneth Partridge; 2, John Cresswell, and John MacMillan, (equal). The I.O.D.E. Scholarships were presented by Mrs. Cowtan, to: 1, Ethel Bacon; 2, Mary Algie; 3, Thelma Richmond.

The Valedictory address was delivered by Theodore Haines, a graduate of 1927, who extolled the work of the B.H.S. teachers and told of the great benefit his class had derived during their high school years and what an asset it would be in their coming careers.

While the stage was being prepared for the one-act play, the scene was enlivened by school yells, songs and good natured banter.

The last item on the programme was a play entitled, "How Plays are Manufactured." This skit was put on by seven enterprising actors of the higher forms. At the conclusion of the play, Miss Rose, Miss McCullough and Miss Cornette, who had worked so untiringly in directing the play and the minuet, were presented with flowers as a token of appreciation of their services.

This terminated the evening's events, and with the singing of "God Save the King," our commencement was over for another year.

JANET McCLURE.

THE GRADUTING CLASS, 1928

Evelyn Ackroyd, Mary P. Algie, Ethel F. Bacon, Charles M. Byrne, Edna M. Carberry, Audrey E. Cooke, John F. Cresswell, Harry Dale, Elsie Elliott, Hilda G. Foster, Helen Herbert, Isabel J. King, Margaret Little, Evelyn Lyons, Margaret McClure, John McFarlane, Jean McMeekin, John MacMillan, Dorothy Oakley, Kenneth G. Partridge, Thelma W. Richmond, Mary E. Stewart, May Thomas, Margaret Thomson, Charles W. Thomson.



ONCE MORE, OH SPRING

Once more, oh Spring, you walk across the plains;
Once more your gifts are scattered graciously;
Warm laughter of the sun, swift silver rains,
And drifts of bloom to veil a gnarled tree.

Through all the winter's weariness and woe
I waited long for you, oh laggard Spring,
And said, each day, as crimson fires burned low,
"When Spring returns then surely I shall sing!"

But now that you are here again, oh Spring,
Returned from hills where you have tarried long,
I cannot find it in my heart to sing—
For all your glories lie too deep for song!

F. ROBINA MONKMAN,
Form V '27

EARLY DAYS AT B.H.S.

When the class of 1918 made its debut, the High School was housed in temporary quarters above the Court House. It is always with more or less fear and apprehension that a new class enters upon the mysteries of higher education, but in our case, these fears were accentuated by the near presence of the powers

of justice. Pupils of to-day may, in their spare time, be inspired to appropriate thoughts by the prospect of the cemetery, but in those days we had always before us as we came in and out the awesome aspect of the walls of the jail.

The memories of those four months spent in the Court House-School are like a remembered dream that seems almost true. The crowded quarters were the cause of most of the eccentricities of school life there. It was difficult to find store-rooms into which mischievous spirits could not pry. Initiations made use of the stout posts of a convenient nearby fence. Inter-year warfare and general scuffles had not better battle field than a flight of stairs and a rough cinder-path. Not least of the handicaps was the classroom. One room having a thirty foot ceiling accommodated two classes, but the only partition was a fifteen foot cardboard fence. It was not unknown for a question asked by the teacher in one class to be answered by a pupil on the other side of the wall. But at Christmas, the period of exile ended, and the New Year found the school once more established on the Church Street grounds.

J.D.S.

NEWS OF OUR GRADUATES

May we take this opportunity, in the first edition of "The Quill," to congratulate those of our Alumni who have already reached the summit of fame, and to wish success to those who are just beginning their careers!

The following list includes names of the graduates of B.H.S.—1926, '27, '28.

Hartley Adams—is employed by the Davies Packing Company, Toronto.

James Algie—aspiring to horticultural fame is now employed at the Dale Estate.

Lockie Algie }
Arthur Morris } are attending University College
Mark Williamson }

William Reevely }
Rhoda Bowles } are at Victoria College
Marie Copeland

Claude Clark—is employed in Magee's drug store.

Robert Johnston—is in Toronto.

Fifth Form 1927-28 is well represented at Normal School this year.

Margaret Little

Evelyn Lyons

Lila Sheffield

Eva Wanless

Jean Quigley

Catherine Boyes

Donald Huxley

} are attending Normal School

Gordon McKinney—is at Victoria College. We are proud to learn that Gordon won the Inter-Collegiate Wrestling Championship this year. "Congratulations, Gord."

"Steve" Lewis—of rugby fame is at North Toronto Collegiate.

Edwin Hutchinson

Theodore Haines

} are at McMaster University.

Alan Noble—is in the faculty of medicine at University of Toronto.

Ross Lindsay—has recently entered the employ of the Royal Bank here.

Helen Herbert and Annie Lambe—will enter the nursing profession in Toronto soon.

Gertrude Shirra } are attending Shaw's Business College, Toronto
Edward Beckford }

Dorothy Oakley

Margaret McClure

Evelyn Ackroyd

Elsie Elliot

} are remaining at home this year.

Gwyn (Short) Field—is now residing on Peel Avenue.

Jack Field—is employed at the Copeland Chatterson.

Henry Marshall—is with the management of the Capitol Theatre.

Herbert Mitchell—is working at the McLaughlin Garage.

Mae Thomas—having attended the commercial course at B.H.S. for a few weeks, is now employed in Toronto.

To these Alumni we extend best wishes for success and may they never forget the good old days at B.H.S.

THE QUILL.

This is our school paper,
The first we've ever had;
Other schools have had them,
It's becoming quite a fad.

Don Fraser is the editor;
His "specs" are big and black,
And in the line of writing
He surely has the knack.

Now who assists Sir Donald?
Janet McClure serene;
Katharine Emery so wise,
In literature—supreme.

Thyra has the school notes,
Society and such,
Miss Young is very capable,
She doesn't miss so much.

And for the fun we need—
Gord and Mary suffice;
Miss Algie's grins and drawings—
McMichael's puns so nice.

And what about the sports?
Why Eleanor Young of course!
And then there's Harry Dale
Who labours like a horse.

Scotty gets the cash,
By Russell helped so well,
Noble knows his onions,
But advertisements will tell.

Christine McKillop, our "Mac,"
And Alan Noble, Oh boy!
The Alumni Column look after
Much to the others' joy.

Now we have the form "reps"
Too numerous to name,
Who spur the rest to writing,
But never do the same.

M. ALGIE, Form V.

FORM NEWS

FIFTH FORM LAPPER

WEATHER—Algebra period—Fair and mild.

Latin period—Warm, with occasional showers.

French period—Cloudy, with low pressure over back seats.

A is for Audrey, for fellows won't thirst;
B is for Byrne, and the world at its worst;
C is for Caslor, Cresswell and Clark;
D is for Davy, fifth form's brightest spark;
E is for Ellen, a coming screen star;
F is for Folks, such as we are;
G is for Gowland, by descent, a Scot;
H is for Harry, the best that we've got;
I is for Isobel, with features so fair;
J is for Jean and her beauty so rare;
K is for Kenneth, the king of the shack;
L is for the Lamebrain we all call Jack;
M is for McEachern, McMillan and Mary, too;
N is for Nothing, which we never do;
O is for Order, which is always keep;
P is for Pleasure, we have when we sleep;
Q is for Quiet, which we always are;
R is for Robert, who leapeth the bar;
S is for Stewart, our Mary's last name;
T is for Thelma and for Maggy the same;
U is for Us, with all of our roars;
V is for Vengeance, with which we do chores;
W is for We, Us and Co.
X is for Xams, to which we must go;
Y & Z are in Algebra used,
And they try their D— to get us confused!

Charlie Byrne, F.F.S. says that kissing shortens life. We presume he means single life.

Household Hints for F.F.F.'s:—Two discarded evening gowns sown together make an excellent pen-wiper.

Typical Latin Sentence In Indirect Discourse:

"It is said that little Mary took a ride in a big car last night and got cold feet coming home." Now, was that same time as main verb, or time after?

Question: Where was Hartley when the lights went out?

Answer: Under the chesterfield looking for the other one!

Ken. Partridge: "You know there's something dove-like about you."

Aud.: "Oh, you flatterer."

Ken.: "Yes, you're pigeon-toed."

Latin Idioms:

Cooney Cresswell: "Latin exam. to-morrow."

Chuck Byrne: "Oh, how nice."

Don't be disappointed if you don't see anything funny in F.F.F.

Neither do we.

H. Clark, (3 a.m. E.S.T.): "What was that noise?"

Arthur, (ditto): "That was an owl."

H. Clarke: "I know it was an 'owl, but what the ——was 'owling?'"

Miss Cowan (after hectic questioning): "What happened when the cow jumped over the moon?"

Arthur (brightly): "Someone got the idea of vanishing cream."

Professor Dale has come to the conclusion that he doesn't need a mechanics text-book any longer. The suggestion has been made that he give it to Kenneth to stand on while wiping the black-boards off for Miss McCullough.

Caslor (embarrassed in meeting Byrne, while escorting une jolie fille)—"Meet my cousin, Byrne."

Byrne (with a sad smile)—"That's all right; she was mine last week."

Noble—"Anyone seen Al?"

Carberry—"Al who?"

Noble—"Alcohol. Kerosene him last fall, but he ain't benzene since."

FOURTH FORM FOLLY

Vol. 13 No. 4-329

April 1st, 1929

Price

1 Banana Peel

Forecast—Area of high pressure over Ort. Carberry's seat. Skirts a little higher to-day.

A boys' paper for girls.

OUR NOTABLES**Literature**

D. Fraser—Editor-in-chief.

J. McClure—Assistant.

C. Thomson—Advt. manager.

K. Emery—Literary Editor.

G. McMurchy—Form Editor.

R. Noble—Vice.-Pres. of Lit. Society.

Orators

K. Emery won girls' oratorical contest.

School Captains

B.B.—J. McGee.

Rugby—H. Fleury.

Hockey—H. Johnson.

School Champions

Senior Girls—J. McGee, E. Pocock.

Senior Boys—H. Johnson.

Intermediate Boys—G. Michael.

Wanted

Rooters for out-of-town games.

A lounging room for 4th form culprits.

A telephone system for out-side row.

Miss Cowan: Fleury, give me a sentence using "nectar."

Fleury: I was scared, but necked her.

Translation of Popular Songs

"I'll Get By"—Our Homework.

"Where the Shy Little Violets Grow"—First Form.

"My Suppressed Desire"—Matri.

"Making Whoopee"—Fourth Form.

"I Faw Down Go Boom"—Jessie McGee in B.B.

"That's My Weakness Now"—Micky.

"It Goes Like This"—Mr. Paterson.

The Destruction of Liberty

The teachers came down like wolves on the fold,
And their eyes were gleaming with rage untold,
And the gleam of their eyes was like stars on the sea,
As they thundered, "At four thou shalt not be free."

Could You Imagine?????

Harris Fleury small and minute, Janet McClure not gaining repute;
Katharine Emery without her brains, Bobby Coupland chasing the janes;
Donald Fraser without a grin, Anna Laycock committing a sin;
Russell Noble without his curls, Bud Campbell out with girls;
George Graham bold as brass, Elizabeth Pocock skipping a class;
Edith Young weighing a ton, Herbert Watson creating fun;
Hawley Johnson feeling fine, Mickey McMurchy not wanting a dime;
Arthur Gowland with rubber heels, Gordon Anderson without his meals;
Clara Taylor as thin as a rail, Elva Lewis in music to fail;
Brydon Needham without his pills, Scotty Thomson paying his bills;
Alma Foreman very much thinner, Orton Carberry late for dinner;
Gord. McMichael without his skis, Norma Wardlaw without her sneeze;
Bea Robertson slow as a snail, Muriel Johnston thin and pale;
Jessie McGee short and stout, Liz McKinney without a pout;
Eunice Duncan without her toys, Gladys Beamish winking at boys;
Gena Merrick with long hair, Edith Garbutt as cross as a bear;
Fourth form minus its squirrel, neat and tidy and not in a whirl?

Sur la Glace

It doesn't happen often, but it happens quite enough,
That all the streets are icy, and the people out of puff.
Now it really is amusing to watch some people walk—
Sometimes you'd think that very soon you'd have to call the "doc."
Now, of course, some people much prefer to walk along the road,
But many times because of this a car has to be towed.
It is a great relief, indeed to find a path all bare,
But it is quite a different thing when you are sitting there.
However, you cheer up again to see another duffer
Go through the same contortions now that you before did suffer.
"MICKEY" McMURCHY.

THREE A'S SMILE-A-WEE

Volume H2O

Price: One rose scent

EDITORIAL

High School is like a sandwich—first—bread, second—butter, third—filling, fourth—butter, and fifth—bread. Everybody knows that a sandwich is judged a great deal by its filling.

Three A can make, without question, a most palatable filling. Although given the same materials every day in the year, it invariably produces a filling to suit the occasion. There are a great many tricks in such a trade. In the first place, it keeps the atmosphere of its form free from disturbing words. As it learns in Chemistry that substances when combined in different ways and under different conditions produce different substances, so does it work with its teachers, extracting from anyone of them in half an hour the required amount of sugar or pepper to fill a recipe.

Since Three A is just old enough to be sensible, and not old enough to be sedate, it probably gets more out of school than any other form. Thus again, it is able to put more flavouring in its filling.

About 3A's Sports

"If you see a smiling face
Sweetly smiling in every place,
You're seeing Aut. Campbell, our Champ."

So sang 2A last year and so sings 3A this year, for Autumn is our Intermediate Champ. But she is not a lone feather in our cap. Mary Porter, our youngster, snatched the Junior medal.

As for tennis, Lillian Mitchell from our form, with one of the girls from fourth form as a mate, carried away the honours.

The basketball teams, which are waging war just now fall back on 3A for a great many of their players. Lillian Mitchell and Mildred Parker star on the senior team, while Autumn Campbell, Margaret Snell, Jean Segsworth, and Lillian Bull do their best as juniors.

A Passing Remark

Now wouldn't it be nice for some of us to have invisible report cards.

We regret to report that there are no baseball or hockey teams for girls in the school as we would certainly qualify for attention on them.

To Our Basketball Champs

Everybody's talking lately;
Do you wonder what they say
It's about 3A walking with
The basketball shield away.

When playing with poor fifth form
We simply took our aim
At either of the baskets
And there! we had the game.

When to beat proud fourth form
Three A came Marching in,
"Jessie McGee opposes them,
They cannot surely win."

Then Lily, Mildred, Marion,
Shrimp, Margaret, and Autumn
Made the score rise higher,
Till fourth form was forgotten.

CLASSIFIED ADS

WANTED—"Percy" Brockman
will pay well for a tried and
tested cure for her giggle.

WANTED—by Mr. Martin—at
least one girl in 3A who
knows one iota about Chemistry.

WANTED—by the girls of 3A
for the Chemistry lab.

1. More hot air.
2. Chlorine minus the slightly irritating odour.
3. Hydrogen that does not explode, making the nervous ones jump, thus breaking apparatus, and putting ourselves to unnecessary expense.

WANTED—A new ventilation system in 3A.

Form 3A

Three A is our form,
A one, is our style,
Never are forlorn,
Always grin or smile.

Tiptop is our standing,
First rate is our speed,
We do not need cramming,
To be in the lead.

Pleasing are our manners,
Clever are our speeches,
Never did you see
Such a lot of peaches.

3B'S BUZZES

Probs.—Storms arising in Mrs. Burt's vicinity.

Is This Familiar?

Whacer—lacquer cracker—jacker

Hickey hully gee

Third form, third form, frisky we

Yell it out, spell it out

Tell 'em who we be

3B! 3B! B! B! B!

Our Hockey Team

Three B has a snappy team,
And this you all know well,
But if it weren't for Shutout Hore
The team would work like—well!

Harris plays the centre,
With Ready on defence,
Anthony takes the right wing,
While Bob Young takes the fence.

Pearson plays near Ready,
Birss sits watching by,
Robinson beside him,
With his weak heart beating high.

And so these Three B wildcats,
Beat Fourth form in the fray,
And if it's hockey that you want
Just watch our Third form play!

Homework

(1) 3B are school hockey champs.

(2) 3B are school basket-ball champs.

(3) 3B, it is generally conceded, has the best boy orators in the school.

(4) 3B has the junior sports champ.

(5) 3B has the only true (?) chemists the school has known for four years.

(6) 3B has a member of Boys' Parliament.

(7) 3B has set a record for "school spirit" which has never been beaten.

Now homework is so marvellous

To keep you up at night

The teachers say, "You'll do this."

And 3B says, "We Might!"

I'm Wonderin'

We're bringin' notes to school these days,
Some think it all the rage,
It's just like spending thirty days
In that barred and guarded cage.

We're bringin' notes to school these days,
Mr. Martin gets 'em all—
If paper's worth ten cents a pound
He should be rich by fall.

We're bringin' notes to school these days,
For all the absentees.
If the teachers stay away, by gosh
Do they send 'em to "Trustees"???

COMMERCIAL COMMENT

Nothing But The Truth

"I bought an approved scheme of the noble art and mystery of stenography (which cost me ten and sixpence); and plunged into a sea of perplexity that brought me, in a few weeks, to the confines of distraction. The changes that were rung upon dots, which in such a position meant such a thing, and in such another position something else, entirely different; the wonderful vagaries that were played by circles; the unaccountable consequences that resulted from marks like flies' legs; the tremendous effects of a curve in a wrong place; not only troubled my waking hours, but appeared before me in my sleep. When I had groped my way, blindly, through these difficulties and had mastered the alphabet, which was an Egyptian Temple in itself, there then appeared a procession of new horrors, called arbitrary characters; the most despotic characters I have ever known; who insisted, for instance, that a thing like the beginning of a cobweb, meant expectation, and that a pen and ink sky-rocket stood for disadvantageous. When I had fixed these wretches in my mind, I found that they had driven everything else out of it; then, beginning again, I forgot them; while I was picking them up, I dropped the other fragments of the system; in short, it was almost heart-breaking."

"DAVID COPPERFIELD."

Dickens.

Composition	B.Speirs
BoOkkeeping	E. CarbEry
PenManship	T. YouNg
ArithMetic	D. KIng
TypEwriting	E. YOung
StenogRaphy	M. MoRris
CommerCial Law	E. BaCon
FilIng	C. McKiLlop
LiterAture	B. FarquhArson
SpeLling	E. RobinSon

	H. FoSter
--	-----------

Jim York—"Why is your neck
like a typewriter?"
"Speedy" Wright—"Dunno."
Jim York—"Cause it's Under-
wood."

Commercial Form's Worries

Under Miss Flumerfelt's watchful eye
Commercial Students do or die,
For each and everyone of them
Must know just how to wield a pen,
To write and spell and do shorthand
Make typewriters sound like Brampton Band.
"Nothing so terrible on earth," they'll say
But really they are fun to play,
To shift the carriage, hear the bell,
And make mistakes, which isn't well.

It isn't easy like it looks
But we have to study books and books
And even then our Law's not clear
So again through those books we peer.
Those crisscross strokes aren't such jokes
Even our expert splutters and chokes
When she comes to a word with odd looking strokes.

Grammalogs are awful things
They tug at your brain and even heart-strings
It really is an awful fight,
'Cause they must be studied by candle-light.
Many a night the oil has burned dry,
'Ere we'd think of closing an eye.
Perhaps some belle or beau had to be spurned
But those contractions had to be learned.

THYRA YOUNG.

The Junior Class

Jean our lass is very fair,	Florence is our special star,
But Reta, she has auburn	After her we all come far;
hair.	To Jordan, Sproule and Westfall
Whereas Irene is tall and staid,	too,
Dorothy is almost a short	She calmly shows what she
young maid.	can do.

We Juniors have three more
young men—
Moore, Holwell and Littleton,
But we shouldn't worry, girls,
should we,
For we have Margaret and
Mary Davey.

2A ANGELS

Literary Review

The pupils of 2A formed a literary society at the beginning of the term. They divided themselves into two sections—the A's and the B's. Every two weeks a programme is put on by either the A's or B's. In order to try to obtain better programmes, it was decided that the side that puts on the best programmes during the year will enjoy a picnic given by the defeated ones. Literary societies in the school are of great benefit to the students.

Mr. Paterson: I get a great deal of pleasure out of my Zoology class.

Marg. M.: Yeah, out of it—so do I.

Ruth M.: You know, Marg., I never will marry unless I find a man my direct opposite.

Marg.: That shouldn't be hard—there are hardly any intelligent men left.

Gwen Segsworth is fair, I ween,
As fair as any girl that's seen,
Has she any brains or is she dumb?
Well! If you ask me—she has some.

Dorothy Dale is tall and fair,
Has nice blue eyes and bobbed hair,
Her Arithmetic is done with care,
And her mistakes are very rare.

Mary Coupland is a Norval maid,
She sometimes has the train delayed.
But when 4 o'clock comes round,
Then Mary races o'er the ground.

Dorothy Hutchinson is jolly and kind,
To do her homework she doesn't mind;
And so when the teachers are cross and snappy,
She answers right up and makes us happy.

Miss Cornette: Explain that new Latin lesson we took yesterday, Helen.

Helen: Er—er. What don't you understand?

2A (Detention Form) reminds one of the Allen Gardens. At this time there are upwards of twenty plants (mostly flowerless—but give them time—) ranged side by side on the window-sill. These plants certainly do brighten up the room.

A Poem Wherein 2A Expresses Undisputed Sentiments

In the north-west corner of B. H. S.,
There is a sorrowful room;
To some 'tis known as 2A,
But to the inmates, doom!

On the boards are figures,
Scratches that shouldn't be there;
While on the floor, are running-shoes
By the half-dozen pair.

Flowers on the window-sills,
Calendars on the wall;
Teachers sitting on their chairs,
Within our beck and call.

Pupils talking, laughing, chatting,
In the physics lab.;
Homogeneous solutions
Cause confusion sad.

Latin verbs, French verbs
Are irregular as the dickens;
But just the same we swallow them all,
As if they were spring chickens.

History past, and history present,
We have to learn it all;
But we wish that Columbus had stayed at home
And not bothered us, at all.

But in the zoology classes, oh dear
Such birds and beasts and critters!
They're torn apart and then patched up,
Like little brother's mittens.

We come at nine with shaky limbs,
Our lessons all unlearned;
The show was pretty good last night,
And our souls for pleasure yearned.

Class sit up and class sit down,
Are the orders of the day;
We make mistakes in plenty,
And so in detention stay.

2B BUZZES

Name	Nick Name	Weakness	Favourite Expression
Dale Algie	Algebra	Memory	Thanks muchly
Thurston Kee	Thirsty	Stamps	Criminently
George Preston	Geordy	Trains	Gee
Thomas Upham	Tup	Feet	Curses on the luck
Graham Crichton	Scotty	Watch	Gosh
Alvin Watts	Eh What	Sleeping Sickness	Uh!
Hugh Giffen	Hag	Snoring	Eh!
Frank Taylor	Tank	Gum	Howjaguessit
Doug. McCallum	Sheeney	Parties	Aw!
Donald Marshall	Meer	Home work	Cats
William Eade	Speedy	Pencils	Hesk
Eldon Wright	Punk	P. T.	Huh
Blake Drinkwater	Blink	Gum	Gee Whiz
Jim York	Yicket	Rings	Nayhoot
Gerald Bartlett	Jerry	Detentions	Jumpin' Catfish
Reg. Lansdell	Reg.	Hair	Don't get rammy

Thurston Kee—"If a man shot at two frogs and killed one, what would the other do?"

George Preston—"Dunno."
T. K.—"Croak."

Alvin Watts is going around with the story that some of his closest friends are Scotch.

Tom Upham—"What is the difference between an egg and an elephant?"

Bill Eade—"I don't know."
Tom Upham—"You would be a fine one to send to buy eggs."

2B has one important person at least, Donald Marshall, the goal tender for the B. H. S., hockey team.

Frank Taylor—"When Bill was in China, he saw a woman hanged."

Reg. Lansdell—"Shanghai?"
Frank Taylor—"Oh, about six feet."

2B's Version—

Miss McCullough
Miss Boyle
Miss FluMerfelt
Mr. Paterson
Miss Cowan
Miss Cornette
Mr. Martin
Miss Kirkwood

Miss Cornette—"Every question is debatable. Can anyone give me a subject for a debate?"

Jerry Bartlett—"Resolved that two and two make four."

Wanted—One pair non-skid rubber heels. Apply Bill Eade 2B.

Some 2 Beezers paid five cents of their Lit. fees on account—on account of that's all they had.

FIRST FORM CHATTER

THE CHARGE OF THE LATIN BRIGADE ACCORDING TO FORM I.

(With Apologies To Tennyson)

Half a page, half a page,
Half a page onward,
At that abhorrent book
Gazed the half hundred,
Forth to the board they go,
Forming them in a row,
Fearing detentions, they,
All the half hundred.

Latin to right of them,
Latin to left of them,
Miss Cowan in front of them
Bellowed and thundered;
Stormed at with growl and yell
Bravely they worked and well,
Right in the jaws of fate,
Shaking and trembling.

When can their knowledge fade?
Oh the wild guess they made!
All the class wondered.
Honour the guess they made!
Honour the mess they made!
Clever half hundred!

JOKES

First—There is one sign that should be placed over every letter box in the town.

Second—What is that?

First—Post no bills!

* * *

One 1st Former—(Just before an exam.) "When was Magna Charta the King of England?"

Another 1st Former—"I'm sure I don't know, but it was some time after Alfred the Great was killed at Hastings, wasn't it?"

* * *

Inspector—Give me a definition of a fishing-net.

Peter Anthony—A lot of holes tied together with pieces of string.

A BOMBASTIC OPUSCULE

(*A Typical Rugby Game*)

Rugby has derived the peculiarity of almost becoming a synonym of uncalled-for brutality; disregarding this, it is a game of exalted excellence and splendour. Here is a typical example:

It is three o'clock in the afternoon of a most salubrious day. The grid-iron (see "Rules and Regulations of Rugby," page 16) is enveloped in a velvety carpet of luxuriant verdant grass and obnoxious weeds. The youthful participants of the game perambulate on to the field of action and disseminate their personages in the proper positions for playing this well-known game.

The two teams assume a crouching attitude and congregate in a gregarious mass over the oblong spheroid, which soon becomes the nucleus of the miniature battle. A whistle is sounded, a noise of numbers being rapidly enumerated is heard, and a confused mixtilineal mass of voluntary moving objects (the players) is seen and the game commences.

In a few moments the result is an egregious aggregation of humanity. Most of the players jump, leap, spring or otherwise get off the pile of bodies. Three juxtaposed bodies remain recumbent on the greensward however. One player, bereft of his faculty and speechification and sensibility, reciprocates on his rachis. In fact he does not possess a very great hyperithesis. The doctor, rushing on to the scene of combat soon redintegrates him. Another player is seen on the ground with his digital extremities (Medicine—Phalanges) clasped to his retropharyngeal. As before, the omnipresent doctor soon resuscitates him as he sees that the patient is only suffering from a cartiligenous protuberance on his praecordia. The last reclining form has an excruciatingly copious flow of blood (partially composed of oxy-haemoglobin) from his olfactory organ and has a considerable haemoptysis. This is the result of a violent contact with his adversary's pedal extremity.

Following this the referee removes the ball to a spot some ten (10) yards distant from the location it previously occupied. One dissident pyrrhonian, being afflicted with recusancy, consults the arbitrator in a rationcinative manner as to the justice of this action. The referee, however, silences him with a few recapitulary words.

After the unconscious forms have been removed from the field many show a decided repugnancy of returning to the game. The resplendent half-back hastens one tardy member with a well-directed kick to his coccyx and a muttered proclitic which makes him start to prospicience eagerly.

The above scenes are reiterated a number of times and one team or another is continually being preponderated until the whistle blows and the game is over. The crowds retrocede from the stadium, the dead and the wounded are gathered up and the ones who are whole in body and mind are congratulated. Thus ends a typical Rugby game.

D. FRASER, Form IV.

COMMERCIAL LIFE

This is the first year in the history of the Brampton High School that there has been a class bearing that high-sounding name "The Commercial Form."—It is a very appropriate name—it describes our life very definitely. But, on the whole, it is a happy life—if you remember to do your homework!

Early in the term our teacher, Miss Flumerfelt, introduced us to His Highness, Sir Isaac Pitman, and at this stage of life we are on very intimate terms with that gentleman. Indeed, I think we should miss him sorely, should fate take him from our midst.

To our teacher we owe too, the fact that our heretofore somewhat scanty knowledge of the anatomy of typewriters is in the ascendant. Under her captaincy we have traversed the seas of filing and docked safely on the other side. We had a few accidents owing to the gruelling examination at the other end, but nevertheless we are alive to tell the tale. At the present date we are embarked on an extended cruise through the seas of Business Law—a very awe-inspiring locality.

In Arithmetic we have made splendid—nay, astounding progress. We can subtract, add and multiply with ease by 1, 2, 3, 4, and 0, but the higher relatives are still a little too far advanced for our intellect. We have found Bookkeeping an enjoyable subject—if you can keep your head during an examination!

At regular intervals we plow our way with parched throats, through the dry dessert of Business Correspondence, but find some compensation in disagreeing with the text book occasionally. Literature is much more to our liking.

But for genuine recreation, our choice is either Writing or Spelling. I might add that the inducement to Spelling is a frequent spelling match—Juniors vs. Seniors. These have various results, sometimes very humiliating ones. It is also a very great relief that after spending much time and energy over writing exercises, the writing of the class is somewhat improved, and at times, even legible.

The recommendation of Brampton High School Commercial Students: For an interesting life, for a varied life and a useful life (doing some of the necessary High School typewriting) choose—Commercial form.

E. Bacon, Commercial Form.

COULD YOU IMAGINE

1. Pete Anthony six feet tall?
2. No dentition form and absolutely no homework?
3. Bus service up Church Street?
4. Every experiment in physics working out correctly?
5. Every Latin sentence correct first time?
6. Miss Cowan in hoop skirts?
7. Rugby team winning the series?
8. Mr. Martin forgetting to ring the bell until 9.02?



Some people are so dry that talking to them is like chewing a blotter.

* * *

When a man used to put his hand on his hip it was a threat, now it is a promise.

* * *

Private—"Captain, the enemy is as thick as peas."
Captain—"Shell them, you fool!"

* * *

H. Dale—"Isn't it nice to be handsome?"
Jean—"How do you know?"

* * *

Miss Rose—"I see only three pupils who seem to know their work."

McKillop—"Please, who are the other two?"

* * *

Miss Rose—"Leave the room, Cresswell."

Cresswell—"Well, I wasn't going to take it with me."

MUCH NEEDED IMPROVEMENTS ABOUT THE SCHOOL

1. An escalator for Church Street Hill.
2. A double duplex super-muffler for Bud Campbell's Ford.
3. A free filling station on the "campus."
4. A trained girl to catch the basket ball after the baskets have been scored by the Junior Girls' team.
5. Elevators (up and down service).
6. More music for Elva Lewis (preferably marching tunes).
7. A non-tearable map for ancient history period.
8. A pad at each desk for writing last-minute formulae, dates, etc., before exams. (This would greatly save the varnish on the desks.)
9. Free tuck-shop (pop, ginger ale and candy).

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"HOWLERS" FROM EXAM. PAPERS

"The Dominion Government has control of all ditches running through more than one province."

"Sir Wilfred Laurier was beaten by Robert Borden. After that he died. Then he became Prime Minister."

"The subject of a sentence comes before the verb. Sometimes it gets mixed and comes after."

ALASKA FREEZE ICE CREAM

CHOCOLATES TOFFEES

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NORMAN L. STEWART

Main St. N.

Phone 139

L'instituteur—"What dirty hands you have, Johnny! What would you say if I came to school that way?"

Johnny—"I wouldn't say anything; I'd be too polite."

Phone 16

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Phone 17

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HAVE YOU HEARD THESE BEFORE?

1. Tut! Tut! Tut! This will never get you anywhere.
2. Ye gods and little fishes, man.
3. "G" is soft before "e" and "i".
4. The experiment should be a success.
5. Clean it off, take your seat, and stay after four.
6. Boys, boys, I'm waiting.
7. I have work to do, even if you haven't.
8. Campbell—turn around.

* * *

Some women get red in the face from modesty, some from anger, and some from the druggist.

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Sausages

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 CROIKITY HOIK

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see

Jack Needham

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A beautiful night, a beautiful moon, two minds devoid of care;
A strain of music far away, a breeze to stir your hair,
A touch of sentiment, and then—
Remove a single chair.

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 Cicero's always in the way;
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"I could spit red ink" at Virgil
 For he almost makes me bored;
 And as for dear Miss Cowan—
 She always has me floored.

"Woman, have your senses left you?"
 "My dear child, I'll be insane!"
 "Caesar's ghost and shades of Horace
 "Why not, why not use your brain?"

G. Merrick, E. Pocock,
 Form IV.

* * *

Ken: "Was Robinson Crusoe an acrobat?"

Miss Cowan: "I don't know. Why?"

Ken: "It says that after he had finished his day's work he sat down on his chest."

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Miss Cowan: Certainly not.

Graham: I haven't done my Latin.

* * *

Love's old song: Did you bring an excuse?

* * *

Mr. Martin to McDonald: Homework done?

McDonald: Yes sir.

Mr. M.: Who helped you?

McDonald: Nobody.

Mr. M.: Come on now, tell the truth, didn't Partridge help you?

McDonald: No sir, he did it all.

* * *

Minister, to young boy who is smoking—My boy, do you know what you're coming to?

Young Boy—The butt.

They say the boy beat the Minister running.

* * *

Miss Cornette (in geography period)—Now what do we have on the shore of Australia?

Enid—The coast.

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Edith Garbutt—"April 27th, 1564 A.D."

Miss McCullough—"What does 'A.D.' mean?"

Edith Garbutt—"After dark, I guess."

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M. Herbert—"Why, how is that?"

J. Calvert—"Sweet, but unrefined."

* * *

Teacher—"Fools ask questions that wise men cannot answer."

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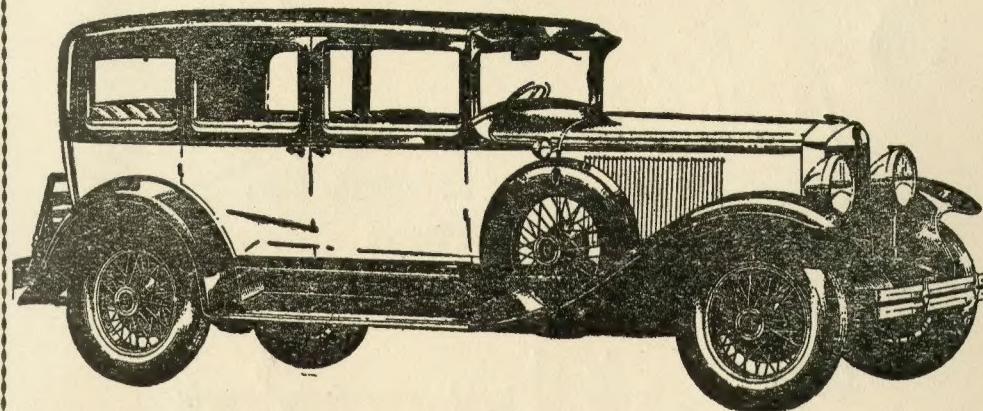
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